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**PAGEANT  
OF MINNESOTA  
HISTORY**

**MAY  
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**AUDITORIUM-ST. PAUL**







# Pageant of Minnesota History

Under the Auspices of the

**Saint Paul Institute**  
*School of Art*

Auditorium, Saint Paul

May 4, 1911, at 8:00 P. M.

May 5, 1911, at 2:30 P. M.

Book by Miss Lily A. Long. Outline by  
Mrs. Cordenio A. Severance.

Dance of Indian Spirits, Grief Dance, and  
Dance of the Moccasin Flowers, under  
the direction of Miss Eleanor Miller.

Scenery by Students of the School of Art.

Business Manager, Mrs. Frederick Snyder.

Produced under the direction of Mr. Lee  
Woodward Zeigler.

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# Pageant of Minnesota History

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## PROGRAMME

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CHORUS (The Spirit of Minnesota) . . . . Mrs. Helen G. Barrows





## I.—The Indians

*Minnesota speaks:*

I am of ancient lineage,—I, the Land.  
In those far days when yet the unborn earth  
Panted for life beneath the seething wave,  
I was among the first to struggle free,  
To feel the air upon my rocky front,  
And see the sun in battle with the mists.  
I bear the records of an age-long war  
With fire and ice and torrent; but at last—  
I boast not; all who hear me say the same,—  
I won, as trophy in the conflict, peace,  
And beauty all might envy, and a store  
Of wealth to be an heirloom for all time.  
My forests caught the winds and played with them;  
My rivers swept between enclosing bluffs  
That lay a league apart; my prairies spread  
Like carpets, flower-bestrewn, whereon the year,  
With stately steps to suit the season, danced;  
And everywhere my little lakes were hid,  
To catch the sky and bring it to my breast.  
I won my name of Minne-sota so—  
The land of sky-filled water. Even so.  
Then came within my valleys tribes of men.  
They claimed me from the beasts; they fought for me  
Among themselves till all my peace was rent.  
My mirrors of the sky were stained with blood,  
My forests sheltered treachery, and death  
Instead of springing life, was in my fields.  
Then Gitche Manitou, the Mighty One,  
Who holds the wide earth on his steady hand  
And draws the grass blade from the sod with love,—  
This Mighty Spirit saw that man's wild heart  
Was building hate and violence and waste,  
And hindering the work the gods would do.  
And so he flung a signal on the sky  
To call the chiefs of all the warring tribes  
To one great Council Fire. From east to west,  
From south to farthest north, he sent the sign.  
And all the people saw and understood,  
And called a truce, and sent their wisest men,  
Their chiefs and leaders and their counsellors,  
To where the Red Stone crops above the ground  
To form a circle, open to the sky.  
They masked their hate with silence, but the wrath  
Of long-fought wars was in their veiled eyes.  
Then in the center, where but now was naught,  
Lo, Gitche Manitou appeared,—a mighty chief,  
Who looked on them and frowned; and yet they knew  
As children know a parent's frown hides love,  
That out of love, not anger, sprang his words.  
In after days, no two could e'er agree

In whatso fashion the Great Spirit spoke,—  
Whether as thunder echoing down the sky;  
Or as men speak, in words the gods have sent;  
Or as an inner silence in the heart.  
But well they knew the meaning of his words.  
They hid it in the silence of the heart  
As men hide fire beneath the sheltering ash  
To keep it living through a winter night.  
“My children,” Gitche Manitou began,  
“My children whom I set upon the earth  
That ye might keep my camp fire burning here  
While I am on the chase in search of game  
That hides beyond the thickets of the stars,  
How do I find you, when, all travel spent,  
I come again to rest beside the lakes  
And listen to the murmur of the pines?  
You that should war with savage beasts alone,  
Or with the storm, or with the winter’s cold,  
Or with the torrent that defies your power,  
You have turned murderous arrows on yourselves.  
So might a warrior do that maimed the hand  
With which he wields the war club. Doing so,  
You waste your strength, you fill this earth I love  
With bitterness and sorrow, and you hang  
A hampering weight and clog upon my arm  
That should be building worlds and making men.  
Go now, and see that peace do go with you.  
Go now to east and west and north and south,  
To lowlands by the rivers, and to hills  
That overlook the sage plains, and to lakes  
That lie a moon’s march from the Red Stone. Go,  
And dwell apart in peace, to each his own.  
But first, the pipe of peace I smoke with you,  
In solemn bond that no one may forget.  
And year by year, when autumn comes again,  
And scarlet run the vines, like clinging flame,  
Through all the forest, and the nuts are ripe,  
And all the yellow maize is gathered in,  
I then will send a veil of fragrant smoke  
Upon the sleepy land, and you will know  
By that same sign that I do hold you bound  
To keep the pact that you have sealed with me  
And with each other, by this Pipe of Peace.”  
And so it was the nations drew apart,  
And each grew strong, and peace was on the land,  
And plenty in the teepee. And each year  
The haze of Indian Summer veiled the earth  
In sign the Mighty Spirit held the tribes  
To that great truce of old. The word went down  
From elder to the younger that the gods  
Detest the speaker with a crooked tongue,  
And broken faith was counted as a shame.  
In after sorrow, oft the tale was told  
Of this, the vanished past, the Age of Gold.

ACT I.

The Legend of the Peace Pipe

Gitche Manitou apportions the Earth among the Tribes.

MISS OLIVE LONG

TIME—Legendary.

SCENE—Red Pipestone Quarries.

The Indians are gathered for a war-dance. Gitche Manitou, the Great Spirit, calls upon them to cease their warfare, and bids them smoke the Pipe of Peace.

GITCHE MANITOU . . . . . Ralph Stokes

*Chiefs:*

CHARLES BAKER  
TOM BLAKE  
WALTER FORD

SILAS JENSEN  
ORSON POWERS

*Warriors:*

ISADORE ABRAHAMSON  
RAYMOND ANDERSON  
BERT BAER  
EARLE BALCH  
FLOYD BRINK  
BRUCE BRIGHTMAN  
ERNEST BRIMMER  
KENNETH CALDWELL  
JOHN CONWAY  
ROY DINGLE  
HAROLD DORRANCE  
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AUSTIN FIELDS  
CHARLES FULLER  
HARVEY FULLER  
EVERETT GEER  
WILLIS GEIB  
HORACE GIBSON  
HERBERT GILLARD

GERALD HENNESSY  
OSCAR HODNOT  
NED KILGORE  
WALTER KUEFFNER  
OLIVER LARSON  
CARL McELROTH  
ROY MANLEY  
CARL NIPPERT  
HARRY OERTING  
ED PATTEN  
RALPH RICHARDS  
HARVEY ROGERS  
PAUL SISCHO  
WALTER SPRIGGS  
CHARLES SWEITZER  
PAUL THOMAS  
ANTHONY TOMASEK  
KENNETH URQUHART  
LEON WEISS

## II.—The Vikings

*Minnesota speaks:*

The happy seasons came and passed, and still  
I basked beneath the sky, and thought that fear  
Had fled forever, and that all my days  
Would run like sunset ripples on the marge,  
Breaking in gold and crimson on the sand.  
But every day that comes in shimmering light  
From out the eastern portal of the sky  
Dies in the end to night. The tale of days  
Runs on and on and on, in ceaseless change.  
One day there came strange men from far away,—  
Strange pale-faced men, with hair like tasseled corn,  
And keen blue eyes that held the master look.  
Sailors they were, and strange to inland ways.  
Adventurous, and seeking evermore  
What lands might lie beyond the western sea,  
The lure had led them over ocean tides  
That ne'er before had felt the oarsman's stroke,  
And through the opening straits that narrowed down  
To check their rashness; and so on, and on  
By open highway of the linked lakes,  
To this, the secret fastness of the wild.  
The secret they had won they could not share!  
The way they trod shows no returning trail.  
The forests closed behind them, and the streams  
Wound glittering paths for their entanglement.  
The stars that served to guide them o'er the waste  
Looked palely down to see them snared and trapped.  
The earth was leagued against them, for the hour  
For loosening of the West was not yet come.  
But with high laughter on their bearded lips  
They faced the fate that slowly, day by day,  
Crept in upon them as they staggered on,  
To claim the farthest inch man yet had won.  
No cravens they. Though beaten to their knees,  
Bespent and weaponless and past all speech,  
They smote their hand upon the deathless stone,  
And bade it bear a witness for all time  
That Norsemen once had held the West in fee.  
Then with a cry of "Skol!" upon their lips,  
They bowed to Death, their only conqueror,  
And trooped with laughter to the Heroes' Hall,  
Walhall, where the heroes who are slain  
In noble battle pour the sacred wine  
And chant, the ages through, a saga brave,—  
And silent flowed the centuries o'er their grave.

ACT II.

Coming of the Vikings

PROFESSOR OSCAR JACOBSON.

SCENE 1.

The Viking Ship.

TIME—The year 1362.

PLACE—Lake Superior.

Chorus of Vikings:

PROF. OSCAR JACOBSON  
S. E. JOHNSON  
GOTLIEB MAGNY  
K. C. WOLD  
OSCAR OLSON  
ERICK STADIG  
ARTHUR JOHNSON  
A. B. BOLIN  
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EDWARD C. ISRAELSON  
OLOF I. A. SOHLBERG

HON. WM. M. ERICKSON  
HARRY LUND  
E. T. WALLINDER  
PROF. FRANK BERGER  
FRITZ ANDERHOLM  
W. ANDERSON  
VICTOR BROWN  
ARTHUR LUNDHOLM, JR.  
JOHN BECKSTROM  
HENRY BECKSTROM  
HILDING HALTKRANZ, SOLOIST  
PROF. CARL YOUNGDAHL  
ERNEST JOHNSON  
PROF. R. A. JACOBSON

BARD . . . . . Hilding Haltkranz

CHORUS TRAINED BY . . . . . Prof. Carl Youngdahl

SCENE 2.

TIME—Same as Scene 1.

PLACE—Near Kensington, Minnesota.

INDIANS: From Act I.

SCENE 3.

The Same.

Erection of Kensington Rune Stone, by Survivors.

### III.—Hiawatha and Minnehaha

*Minnesota speaks:*

Where life is, love will come, for love is life.  
The rocks would crumble into yellow dust  
Were love to loose its bond; the stars would fade  
And fall in heedless ruin from the sky,  
And suns and worlds go crashing into naught.  
For love and life are twined, a double thread,  
Through all that is. No dustiest flake of dust,  
No atom in the wide embrace of space,  
But thrills with potency of Yet To Be,  
And joys to share the Being of the gods.  
And so within mine ancient glades was joy,  
For life and love were there. My young men came  
From hunt and chase and foray to explore  
The dearer dangers of the soft black eyes  
That watched their prowess from the teepee door.  
Love bound their hands and taught them mysteries,—  
That weakness has a greater power than strength;  
That life may be a thing to throw away  
If so another profit; that the joy  
Unshared is barren; and that sorrow may,  
In spite of sorrow's self, be turned to grace  
If two together hold it in their heart,  
As harsh thorned bushes may, beneath the sun,  
Bear crowns of roses, hiding thus the thorn.  
One tale of love, made lovelier by the power  
Of perfect words to hold undying youth,  
Comes from the gentle singer who divined  
The hidden yearnings of the Redman's heart,  
And, in compassion, taught the humbling truth  
That all alike are children, stretching hands  
Through mists that blind them all, to reach the light.  
While lives the memory of the vanished past,  
The tale interpretive will live. The tribes  
Of dusky freemen may have passed away  
Into the limbo of forgotten things  
Where buried truth is hard to find; but still  
Will Hiawatha woo, and evermore  
Will Minnehaha leave her father's door.



ACT III.

Minnehaha

MRS. ELMER.

JAMES POTTER

TIME—Legendary.

PLACE—Minnehaha Falls.

MINNEHAHA . . . . .	Miss Maud Borup
HIAWATHA . . . . .	Dr. Charles A. Eastman
ARROW MAKER . . . . .	Mr. Thomas Leslie Wann

IV.—The Voyageurs

*Minnesota speaks:*

Then came that gallant band, the Voyageurs,—  
Adventurous spirits, tossing life and death  
Like chance-flung dice, with an unfaltering hand.  
To find the western sea that led to Ind,  
To thread the rivers, flowing from the north,  
To pierce the mystery of unknown lands,  
To find the fabled gold of buried kings,  
To track the bear and bison in the wild,  
To trade for silky pelts a queen might wear,  
To hold dumb converse with the woodland men  
And learn the master-craft of how to wrest  
Full life, bare handed, from the barren wilds,—  
All these were lures to lead the adventurer on.  
Yet more than all, perhaps, 'twas but to feel  
The wildness close about him, shutting out  
The petty strife of towns, the labor du!  
Of day by weary day while time shall run  
That marks the somber safety of the towns.  
Here there was danger, meet to match his might;  
Here there was vastness, equal to desire.  
The night sky spread a tent above the world,  
Murmurous with winds that blew from sea to sea.  
The forests held the memories of a past  
Older than cities, and than empires more.

Foremost of all, the gallant Radisson,  
 That youth adventurous of Gallic blood,  
 Who knew the seven oceans of the world  
 Before the beard had darkened on his chin.  
 For months a captive to the Indian horde,  
 He came again in freedom, flinging back  
 Their own defiance of the chance of war.  
 His eager foot the first to press my soil,  
 His eye the first to scan my ample fields,  
 And see, in fancy, nations yet to be.  
 And with him, bound in brotherhood of love  
 And of adventure, came Groseilliers,  
 Sedate and prudent, wise to trade and buy.  
 For them the mighty Mississippi made  
 A level highway to the wilderness,—  
 And to the temple of undying fame.  
 And here came Hennepin, commissioned priest,  
 Who named the falls that checked his onward march  
 For Anthony, Saint of Padua, who can bring  
 The lost and hidden things to light of day!  
 Beside Mille Lacs, Du Luth unfurled the flag  
 Of lilies of France; and here Le Sueur came  
 To seek for copper where the Blue Earth flows.  
 ('Tis said that he the first of all bestowed  
 The spirit iron, maza waukon, gun,  
 Upon the Indians, met in friendly mood,—  
 A direful magic in the after days.)  
 Here Carver, on the mound above the stream,  
 Beheld the ancient burial rites whereby  
 The living rendered honor to the dead,  
 And made a treaty for their choicest lands,—  
 A white-man's magic often put to use!  
 The roll call of the bold adventurers  
 Wakes echoes long familiar to the ear,—  
 Pike, Snelling, Leavenworth, who set a fort  
 Where placid Minnesota pours its flood  
 Of yellow water in the Father stream;  
 Lord Selkirk and the Scottish colonists  
 Who brought their scattered hopes to harbor here;  
 The patient Schoolcraft, who explored the source,  
 The "veritas caput," of the mighty stream,  
 And Boutwell, who devised "Itasca" thence;  
 And Nicollet, the French astronomer;  
 And many more who followed at the beck  
 Of far adventure and of fair romance.  
 Youth calls to youth. The land and they were young,  
 And every morning was a challenge flung.



ACT IV.

Coming of the Voyageurs

SCENE 1.

MRS. JOHN S. ORDWAY.

*Tableau:* Radisson and Groseiliers trading furs with the Indians.

TIME—The year 1656.

RADISSON . . . . . Mr. C. Reinold Noyes  
GROSEILIER . . . . . Mr. Edwin White

SCENE 2.

MISS HELEN BUNN.

*Tableau:* Discovery of St. Anthony's Falls.

TIME—1680.

FATHER HENNEPIN . . . . . Mr. Samuel McM. Shepard  
TWO COMPANIONS . . . . . Mr. Donald Bigelow and Mr. Morris Taylor

SCENE 3.

MRS. ROGER SHEPPARD.

*Tableau:* Le Sueur giving guns to the Indians.

TIME—About 1683.

LE SUEUR . . . . . Mr. White

SCENE 4.

MRS. WILLIAM GILLETTE.

*Tableau:* Jonathan Carver's Treaty with the Indians.

TIME—May 1, 1767.

JONATHAN CARVER . . . . . Mr. Thomas Leslie Wann  
INDIAN CHIEF . . . . . Mr. Walter Kennedy  
FRIENDS OF CARVER . . . . . Messrs. Frank Shepherd, Hubert Kennedy

SCENE 5.

MRS. RICHARD LEA KENNEDY.

Dance of Grief at the Indian Mounds.

The MISSES LORENA ABBOTT, ADELAIDE ARMSTRONG, ALICE FORREST,  
FRANCES ROGERS, MARY GOODSELL, CAROLINE PEABODY, GRETCHEN JAMES,  
KATHERINE BRYANT, MARJORY BEMIS, HELEN SANDERS, BONNIE RANSOME,  
MARGARITE DAVIS, RUTH NICHOLS.

INDIAN WARRIORS: Same as Act I.

INTERMISSION

## V.—The Traders

*Minnesota speaks:*

Where the adventurers had blazed the way,  
The traders followed, and the immigrants.  
The vision Radisson had once beheld,  
Of broad lands welcoming the dowerless sons  
Of crowded Europe, came in very truth.  
By dog-train, ox-cart, over winter snows,  
And up the open highways of the streams,  
They came with eager hands to gather in  
The wealth of wood and stream and waiting field.  
Hardships there were, but there were hardy hearts;  
Dangers were there, but courage faced them down.  
The creaking of the heavy-laden carts  
Across the empty prairies was a cry  
Piercing the night with shriek of coming change.  
“Make way!” it cried across the dark, “Make way!  
This is the vanguard of the coming day!”

# Characters in the Pageant

*All the Photographs in this  
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ACT V.

Coming of Traders and Immigrants

SCENE 1.

HON. BAZILLE.

Dog Train.

TIME—About 1845.

SCENE 2.

MAJOR RICE, U. S. A.

Red River Ox Cart.

TIME—About 1845.

SCENES 3 and 4.

LIEUT. BAILEY, U. S. A.

Prairie Schooner.

TIME—About 1855.

SCOUTS:

IMMIGRANT FAMILY:

MRS. FORREST ORTON, The MISSES CHARLOTTE SIBLEY, MARGUERITE BELL,  
PEGGY BELL, MARGARET PETERSON, ELLA REISMAN, MASTERS CHARLES POPE,  
BERT REISMAN.

VI.—The Early Settlers

*Minnesota speaks:*

Above the river where the channel bends,  
Pere Galtier set the Chapel of St. Paul  
On land bestowed by Guerin and Gervais.  
Its lifted cross was known to watermen  
Who passed it for the new metropolis,  
Mendota, Henry Sibley's famous home.  
That small basilica has grown to be  
Cathedral, and the Landing of St. Paul,  
Where Indians came to dicker at the post,  
And wonder at the white man's many toys,  
Has grown to be the Athens of the West!  
The men who brewed the magic for the change,

The masters of the wilderness, have left  
 Their names a cherished memory for to-day:—  
 Sibley, the generous host, who came a boy  
 To Minnesota's threshold, welcoming thence  
 The later comers, flocking to his side;  
 Ramsey, who came to guide the ship of state  
 Upon its maiden voyage; and again,  
 When war clouds hid the stars, was at the helm;  
 And with them Henry Rice, who long upheld  
 The young state's dignity in Washington;  
 Edmund, his brother, leader of the bar;  
 And Franklin Steele, the friend of every man,  
 Who crossed the river for his settler's claim,  
 Foreseeing future Minneapolis!  
 James Goodhue, wielder of the caustic pen;  
 And Aaron Goodrich, representing law;  
 Sweet Harriet Bishop, of the "Floral Home,"  
 And of the Harriet Island of to-day,  
 Who taught the young frontierlings not to shoot!  
 The missionaries, Williams, Riggs and Neill,  
 Who tried to teach the gentle law of Christ  
 To pagan redmen and to savage whites;  
 The early traders, Jackson and Robert,  
 Who left their names upon our city streets;  
 Gilfillan, Irvine, Adams, Wilder, Oakes,  
 Brisbin and Burbank, Ludden, Gribbin, Trask,  
 And Larpenteur, whose memory spans the past.  
 The witty Flandrau, and his friend, Rolette,  
 Who stole the bill to change the capitol,—  
 Frontiersman's methods brought to parliament!  
 Father Ravoux, the comforter of all;  
 Borup, the good physician, he who held  
 Redman and white alike in fellowship;  
 Dousman, the trader; Baptiste Faribault;  
 Earl Goodrich, of the early Pioneer;  
 And Robertson, who ran the Democrat;  
 And Joseph Wheelock, he whose vision clear  
 And ringing words were guidance for a state;  
 And Hill, the young road-builder, who divined  
 The hidden Future, and whose potent hand  
 Beckoned her hither, making smooth her way;  
 Blakely, and Truman Smith, and Henry Swift,  
 And Charles Bazille, who gave the state the ground  
 On which the Capitol should ever stand;  
 Gordon, and Murray; Kittson; David Day;  
 Gilman, and others of the early bar,—  
 And many more whose echoed names are borne  
 By sons and grandsons who take up to-day,  
 In later ways, the building of their sires.  
 The needs and fashions of a time go by;  
 The heritage of honor cannot die.



## ACT VI.

### Early Settlers

#### SCENE 1.

MRS. S. P. CROSBY, D. A. R.

General and Mrs. Sibley receiving guests at their home at Mendota.

TIME—About 1845.

GENERAL SIBLEY . . . . . Mr. F. D. Monfort  
MRS. SIBLEY . . . . . Mrs. F. D. Monfort  
JO ROLETTE . . . . .

MR. and MRS. PAUL CAMPBELL, MRS. IRWIN, MRS. GEO. M. KENYON,  
MRS. A. P. MOSS, MRS. JAS. SCHOONMAKER, MRS. F. H. ORTON, MRS. F. H.  
JERRARD, MRS. D. W. MCCOURT, MRS. LEROY O'BRIEN, MRS. HARRY DON-  
AHOWER, MRS. F. M. CATLIN, MRS. WM. PLANT, THE MISSES CLUM, MISS  
BEAUMONT, MISS LIGGETT, MISS EDNA RIGGS, MISS DOUGLAS, MISS DEEM,  
MR. JULES DENEGRE, MR. JERRARD, MR. MCCOURT.

INDIAN CHIEF . . . . . Prof. Oscar Jacobson

#### SCENE 2.

MISS MALCOLM.

Landing of the "Dr. Franklin," at Mendota. First Mississippi boat to have  
a steam whistle.

#### SCENE 3.

JOE ROLETTE.

JOE ROLETTE . . . . . Mr. Gerald O'Brien  
MR. GOODRICH . . . . . Mr. Walsh

TIME—Spring of 1849.

#### CHILDREN:

RUTH LORENZ  
GRACE WILHARBER  
PHILLIS YOUNGMAN  
GRACE FEINSTIN

MAE SPENCE  
GLADYS SUDLOW  
LOUISE CRAIG  
ETHEL BROWN

#### EARLY SETTLERS:

##### BOAT HANDS:

MAE ABBOTT  
MISS WARREN  
MARIAN GREENE  
JESSIE GREENE  
ALICE MAXFIELD  
ADELE LANPHER  
MUNN  
LUCILLE DAVIS  
MARGUERITE DAVIS  
NYE  
MRS. HORACE IRVINE

MRS. JAMES MITCHELL  
MRS. BLAIR FLANDRAU  
MR. MALCOLM MCGUIKEN  
MR. DONALD WEST  
MR. REINOLD NOYES  
MR. EDWARD FOLEY  
MR. ALFRED CONING  
MR. TERRY  
MR. IRVIN JONES  
MR. EDWIN WHITE  
MR. MCNEIL STRINGER

INDIANS: Same as Act I.

## VII.—The Wars

*Minnesota speaks:*

The heavy war-time laid a double woe  
Upon the heart of Minnesota. Then,  
While every nerve was strained to catch the cry  
From Southern battlefields, the Indian tribes  
Broke in a rage the white man's flimsy bonds,  
Wreaking their fury on the scattered farms,  
Filling the nights with terror, days with dread,  
And whelming all the stricken state with grief.  
New Ulm, Fort Ridgley, and the lonely glen,  
Birch Coulee, with their tragic memories,  
Will keep a blotted page of history  
Beside Bull Run and fateful Gettysburg.  
Flandrau's defense, and young Tim Sheehan's ride,  
And Sibley's parleyings with Little Crow,  
The treacherous Renville Rangers, Brackett's loss,  
The slaying of Captain Marsh and Peter Quinn,  
And day by day the tidings, still renewed,  
Of burnings, sudden death, and more than death,—  
These were the burdens laid upon the heart  
That quivered at each zephyr from the South.  
For in the South, the first of all to spring  
In quick response to sad Columbia's cry,  
The sons of Minnesota in the field  
Were dying daily that the land might live.  
The roll-call of the heroes who went forth  
Beneath the colors that a woman's hand  
Bestowed on parting, pulls at all our hearts,—  
Bishop and Sanborn, Andrews, Gorman, King,  
Acker and Hubbard, Marshall and Van Cleve;  
And young John Ireland, chaplain of the Fifth;  
And he of Gettysburg, who flung himself  
Before the rising tide of victory  
That threatened overthrow, and checked the tide,  
And turned it backward,—Colville, of the First.  
Time cannot tarnish fame like theirs, nor hide  
Their state's devotion and her grateful pride.

ACT VII.

Minnesota in the Civil War

SCENE I.

MRS. C. E. FURNESS.

Presentation of silk colors by the ladies of Saint Paul to the First Minnesota Regiment.

TIME—1861.

PLACE—Before the old State House.

MRS. RAMSEY . . . . . Vernon Marguerite Magoffin  
COLONEL GORMAN . . . . .  
CAPTAIN STANSBURY . . . . .

SOLDIERS:

CAPT. H. A. ANDRES  
2ND LIEUT. A. C. THOMPSON  
1ST SERGT. E. W. BUDY  
SERGEANT A. B. PIERCE  
O. B. HORTON  
W. G. LYNCH  
J. I. MOORE  
W. E. COLBY  
CORPORAL H. L. WINKEL  
J. G. TANZER  
FRANK NEIL  
MUSICIAN C. L. HEINRICH  
PRIVATE W. L. ACKERMAN  
C. C. BARNUM  
C. E. EPLERS  
H. D. HEIMAN  
S. HOVDE  
H. KARLEBACH  
R. E. KERCHHOFF  
C. H. KLINE  
H. T. KRELLURTZ  
C. LAMPLAND  
C. J. LICK  
I. E. LONG  
M. E. LONG  
I. W. MANTHEY  
L. MCPHERON  
W. G. NARY  
C. E. NEILSON  
W. N. NELSON  
E. SANDLER  
S. SILBERG  
J. D. SPENCE  
M. G. WILSON

CAPTAIN GEORGE K. SHEPPARD  
1ST LIEUT. FRED. A. TIFFANY  
2ND LIEUT. M. W. BARRY  
FIRST SERGEANT C. W. GASKELL  
Q. M. SERGEANT J. M. FINKELSON  
SERGEANT H. A. KENT  
J. L. MCCOOL  
C. H. TIPLER  
A. J. NEUBAUER

CORPORAL T. F. CUMMINGS  
C. C. KINNEY  
W. H. FAWCETT  
F. W. BRUNSON  
D. O. STEGNER  
J. K. SCOTT  
ARTIFICER H. F. SOFTLEY  
COOK A. H. BLEY  
A. T. SPICER  
MUSICIAN F. M. MURPHY  
G. C. JOHNSON  
PRIVATE ALEXANDER, A. A.  
ANDREWS, V. R.  
BEATSON, D. W.  
BEATSON, J. B.  
BENZ, O. W.  
BOERNER, R. R.  
BENEK, P. J.  
BRODHAG, A. F.  
CASE, F. T.  
CASE, E. E.  
CARROLL, J. F.  
DEUEL, W. W.  
DIRKES, F. J.  
DORAN, C. M.  
ERICKSON, C. E.  
FRANCOIS, C. A.  
FRANKLIN, A. R.  
GOSWITZ, F. A.  
HINUEBER, L. C.  
HART, R. T.  
JENKS, D. E.  
JONES, R. R.  
JOY, F. J.  
LEACH, F. B.  
LEONARD, J. L.  
LIND, N. H.  
LUTHMAN, A. P.  
LYSTAD, A. W.  
McTIGUE, P. M.  
MEYERS, F. H.  
MEYERS, C. H.  
MISZEWSKI, S. A.  
MELROSE, F. L.  
MILLER, R. T.

PRIVATE MINSER, W. G.  
 NOYES, C. S.  
 NEFF, R. N.  
 NELSON, O. F.  
 OLSON, H. C.  
 REICKITZER, R. J.  
 RELF, R. R.  
 RIEDELL, G. E.  
 SEYMOUR, W. J.  
 SHEARN, W. J.  
 SMITH, F. L.  
 SNOW, W. J.  
 STEVENS, J. J.  
 STEVENS, M. E.  
 STRACHOTE, W. W.  
 STILL, A. C.  
 STURTEVANT, W. W.  
 TIERNEY, T. J.  
 TIERNEY, W. J.  
 WALKER, B. W.  
 WEISEL, E. M.  
 WHITEFIELD, R. N.  
 WILHELM, R. F.

CAPTAIN F. E. KREMBS  
 1ST LIEUT. W. H. BARNACLE  
 2ND LIEUT. B. M. PEDERSON  
 1ST SERGEANT Wm. G. REIFLER  
 Q. M. SERGEANT F. H. PETERS  
 SERGEANT R. W. MORITZ  
 M. G. RANDOLPH  
 R. E. REED  
 CORPORAL B. J. SENDNER  
 J. J. MULLEN  
 AUGUST QUAST  
 HENRY J. LA VALLEY  
 CHAS. R. FLYNN  
 CHAS. O. BURLINGHAM  
 MUSICIAN JOSEPH HAZEL  
 ARTIFICER A. W. McNAMARA

PRIVATE ARONSON, G.  
 ARMSTRONG, F. J.  
 AMOS, C. J.  
 BANTZ, E. J.  
 BARNACLE, H. C.  
 BENSON, W. C.  
 BERNIS, C. F.  
 BUTLER, C. J.  
 CARMICHAEL, G. N.  
 DORAN, C.  
 FRITZAM, F.  
 GAETKE, W. H.  
 GREVSTAD, C. L.  
 GUILLAUME, S. M.  
 HAYWOOD, M. C.  
 HERRMANN, W. C.  
 HOGAN, F. J.  
 HOFFSTATER, F. L.  
 LETFORD, R. M.  
 MARTIN, A. M.  
 MALOY, L. J.  
 MOE, A. E.  
 MOHAN, R.  
 MORITZ, W. W.  
 McMAHON, C. B.  
 McMAHON, L. A.  
 McMAHON, V.  
 PEDERSON, G. C.  
 PUSCH, H.  
 RASMUSSEN, W. V.  
 RUST, C. L.  
 SENDNER, T. F.  
 SCHILLING, H. G.  
 SCHULZ, CARL  
 SCHLETTY, W.  
 SLABY, J. G.  
 WITTBECKER, G. B.  
 WISE, GEORGE  
 WRIGHT, J. A.  
 MATTESON, C.

## SCENE 2.

CAPTAIN F. E. KREMBS, M. N. G.

Minnesota troops en route for embarkation to the South.

TIME—Same as Scene 1. PLACE—Fort Snelling. SOLDIERS—Same as Scene 1.

## SCENE 3.

GENERAL BISHOP.

Veterans of the Civil War, members of the Grand Army of the Republic.

ANDREWS, C. C.	BRIGHAM, J. L.	CRISSEY, CHAS.
AUGE, JAS.	BEVANS, H. G.	CONZETT, JOS. J.
BRACK, BENJ.	BIRCHER, WM.	DOHM, F. W.
BEMENT, E. P.	BUNKER, CHAS. S.	DAVIDSON, J. H.
BISHOP, J. W.	BRINK, W. H.	DAVIS, FRANK A.
BIDDLEMAN, J. H.	CASTLE, H. A.	DAVES, S. L.
BUCK, GEO. W.	COLLENDER, F. E.	DONAHOWER, J. C.
BECKER, R. A.	CALDWELL, JAS. P.	DONAHUE, J. R.
BLACKMAN, A. P.	COMFORT, O. H.	DOHERTY, T.
BOLAND, JOHN	CLARKE, L. O.	DORAN, F. B.
BOYCE, H. W.	CRAMSEE, J. W.	DOWNES, S. D.
BALMES, PETER	CREGO, G. H.	EVENSEN, M. G.

FARGO, W. D.  
FREYER, E. L.  
FLAG, S. D.  
HARRISON, W. H.  
HARDACRE,  
HENRY, PATRICK  
HALL, WATSON W.  
HARRIES, W. H.  
HERTZ, J. L.  
HUGHSON, E. E.  
HUBBARD, L. J.  
HOWARD, DANIEL E.  
IVES, G. S.  
KINGSBURY, D. L.  
KING, J. R.  
KONANTZ, C.  
KOCH, F. A.  
LARKIN, J. P.  
LAMPHER, R. A.  
LANE, JOHN  
LEAVITT, WESLEY  
LEWIS, GEO. R.  
LEE, L. J.  
LEE, JOS.  
McCLOUD, D. H.  
MAHAN, I. L.

MACMILLAN, W. F.  
McGRATH, W. L.  
MILLS, H. L.  
MADIGAN, D.  
MALLORY, F. C.  
MARKLEY, DAVIS  
MORGAN, M. R.  
MOORE, FRANK  
MORGAN, ADAM  
NEWPORT, R. M.  
GORMAN, WM. O.  
OFFICER, HARVEY  
OTTO, GUSTAVE  
PARKER, E. D.  
PHILLIPS, S. D.  
PRICE, A. A.  
POWERS, GEO.  
RYAN, JOHN  
RILEY, T. W.  
RILEY, J. K.  
RITCHIE, PARKER  
RANSOM, WM.  
RINKER, G. A.  
ROAKE, A. H.  
ROLPH, H. E.  
RANK, A.

SLEPPY, WM. J.  
SLIFER, S. S.  
SCHOUR, GEO.  
SILCOCK, ROBERT  
SIMON, PETER  
SMITH, JOS. H.  
SMITH, WEBSTER  
SMITH, EDWARD B.  
SMITH, SIDNEY  
STEIGER, F. J.  
STONE, F. D.  
STAUFFER, F. L.  
SULLIVAN, THOMAS  
SWISHER, F. S.  
SMITH, J. S.  
THOMPSON, WM.  
TIMME, CHAS.  
THAYER, J. N.  
THOMPSON, G. W.  
WAY, JOHN  
WEIBLEN, F. A.  
WILLIAMS, M. K.  
WHITE, T. S.  
WINSHIP, ALBERT L.  
WILLIARD, W. H. H.

## VIII.—The Passing of the Indian

*Minnesota speaks:*

A mist that shifts and changes with the wind,  
A dream the dreamer tries in vain to hold,  
Such is the mastery on the earth of man.  
Where once the unfettered Redman roamed at will,  
The white man claims the land by metes and bounds.  
The clang of mill and factory breaks the hush  
That brooded on the prairie and the stream,  
And where the moccasin flower, in yellow grace,  
Danced with the wind and sheltered in the shade,  
The prim, trim fields march straitly, row by row.  
What has been, shall be; change shall follow change.  
For the dominion that man claims is vain,  
His lordship of the earth a passing dream,—  
A dream the dreamer tries in vain to clasp,  
A mist that melts within his futile grasp.

ACT VIII.

Passing of the Indian

DR. CHARLES EASTMAN.

LAST INDIAN . . . . . Dr. Charles Eastman

Dance of Indian Spirits, in charge of Mrs. John I. H. Field and Mrs. Greene.

SPIRIT OF . . . . . Miss Hedwig Schein

SPIRITS OF . . . . . Miss Marguerite Davis  
Miss Ruth Nichols

SPIRITS OF . . . . . Miss Adele Lanther  
Mrs. Wm. Motter

SPIRITS OF . . . . .

SPIRITS OF . . . . .

Miss Dorothy Farrington, Harriet Eastman, Alice Maxfield, Lucile Davis,  
Margaret Ames, Jessie Greene, Louise Warren, Nellie Nye, Elsa Labach,  
Marcelle Visby, Marion Spates.

LITTLE INDIAN GIRL . . . . . Miss Ida Blighton

DANCE OF THE MOCCASIN FLOWERS, in charge of . . . Miss Eleanor Miller.

Ruth Bauman, Gladys Joyce, Frances Flannagan, Mercia Burke, Gertrude Lund,  
Elizabeth Bullock, Olive Taylor, Florence Burke, Roselyn Goldberg, Tilda  
Blumenthal, Marjory Heck, Gertrude Levy, Elizabeth Heeter, Marie Horning,  
Sylvia Edelstein, Ruth Edelstein, Evelyn Lund, Elsie Timme, Grace Wilhar-  
ber, Trecie Elfenbein, Gladys Mills, Ethel Mills, Clara Gains, Katie Houser,  
Lucile Heeb, Josephine Kirby, Louise Kreig, Ethel Brown, Angelica Peck-  
man, Grace Feinstein, Ida Blighton.



## IX.—Minnesota To-day

*Minnesota speaks:*

Fair is the pathway that is beckoning on,  
Bounteous and abundant is the wealth  
Poured at our feet to-day. The golden soil  
Gives back a royal largess, commerce brings  
A stream of gold unto our waiting hands,  
And art and learning dream beside our gate.  
Before such bounty, we can only pray  
For single-eyed discernment of the truth  
That lies beneath the show, and that our hearts  
Escape the enticement of the temptress Earth.  
Our way lies on and upward. May no lure  
Betray our senses into idle sleep  
Or change high courage into low content.  
The way leads on; and tasks are yet to do  
To prove our souls' heredity from those  
Who went before and blazed the open way.  
'Tis ours to pierce the future, even as they  
Explored the forests; ours to watch the sky  
For pilot guidance when the path is hid,  
And ours to make our State, while time shall last,  
Answer in honor to the honored past.



ACT IX.

## Modern Minnesota

MISS ELLEN WHEELOCK and MISS EMILY COCHRAN.

Tableau representing the natural and industrial wealth of the State.

SPIRIT OF MINNESOTA . . . . .	Mrs. Helen B. Barrows
MUSIC . . . . .	Mrs. Arthur Gillette
SCIENCE . . . . .	Miss Vernon Marguerite Magoffin
ARCHITECTURE . . . . .	Miss Carling
JUSTICE . . . . .	Miss Clara Mairs
POETRY . . . . .	Miss Edith Walsh
ART . . . . .	Miss Ida Kueffner
LAW . . . . .	Carl Drake
SCULPTURE . . . . .	Mrs. Jesse Neal

FARMERS: Messrs. Jesse Neal, Ray Kellerman, Austin E. Doulon, Morris Roberts, Louis Goldberg, Wayne Hawkins, Bert O'Brien, Warren Harris, Robert Bain, Arthur Gardner.

LUMBERMEN: Messrs. Jack Leach, Henry Cowie, Fred Rounds, Edgar Romans, Carl Nippert, Theodore Muller, James Helman, Robert Stickney.

MINERS: Messrs. A. Savage, Milo Meeker, Clarence Neilson, Alfred Scheffer, Win Elson, Lloyd Faulkner, Herbert Strunk, Floyd Brink, William Snyder, Wilbur Hausner.

DAIRY MAIDS: Mrs. S. Dean, Mrs. F. W. Lightner, Mrs. A. Savage, Miss Laura Fulton, Miss May Buckley, Miss Alice Verne Sorenson, Misses Kennedy, Miss Georgia Sherman, Miss Rachel Abbott.

FARM GIRLS: Miss Beatrice A. Ivey, Miss Bernice Dafoe, Miss Drusilla Paist, Miss Ruth Kennedy, Miss Lenore Cron, Miss Carol Bishop, Miss Ruth Hinsberger, Miss Alice Mackey, Miss Della Novotny, Miss Jessie Burke.

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS: Miss Lorna Lange, Miss Catherine Casady, Miss Mary Haupt, Miss Jessie O'Brien, Miss Gladys Casady, Messrs. Leroy Sorenson, Frank Harris, Edgar E. Merrifield, Clarence Johnson, A. D. Smith.

Scenery painted by Misses Clara Mairs, Marion Greene, Jessie Burke, Messrs. Floyd Brink, Wilbur Hausner, Carl Eichhorn, Lloyd Faulkner, Matthew Ehlenz, Herbert Strunk, William Snyder, Theodore Van Soelen, students of the St. Paul Institute School of Art.

Lighting by Mr. Edward Fournier.  
Stage Carpenter, Mr. Frank Nelson.

## Programme of Music

OVERTURE "FROM INDIAN SUITE" . . . . .	<i>MacDowell</i>
"INDIAN WAR DANCE" . . . . .	<i>Bellstedt</i>
"PEER GYNT SUITE" . . . . .	<i>Grieg</i>
"MORNING" . . . . .	
"ASE'S DEATH" . . . . .	
"ANITRA'S DANCE" . . . . .	
"IN THE HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING" . . . . .	
"FROM AN INDIAN LODGE" . . . . .	<i>MacDowell</i>
"MEDLEY OF FRENCH AIRS" . . . . .	arr. by <i>Nelson</i>
"PANAMERICANA" . . . . .	<i>Victor Herbert</i>
"MEDLEY OF FOLK SONGS" . . . . .	<i>W. W. Nelson</i>
"NEGRO MELODIES" . . . . .	<i>Rosey</i>
"DARKIES' JUBILEE" . . . . .	
"PATRIOTIC MEDLEY" . . . . .	arr. by <i>Nelson</i>
"MEDITATION" FROM "THAIS" . . . . .	<i>Massenet</i>
Solo Violin, Mr. NELSON	
"DANCES" FROM "HENRY THE EIGHTH" . . . . .	<i>German</i>











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